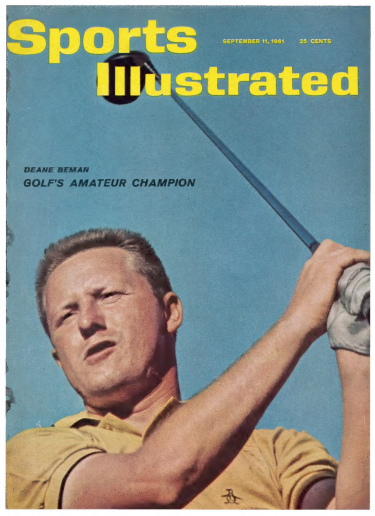


Sports Illustrated



SEPTEMBER 11, 1961

25 CENTS

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Next week

With the first big game only a week off, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED introduces the 1961 college season in its sixth annual football issue. There will be scoring reports on 167 major and small college teams plus portraits of the year's star players, a new look at recruiting and, in color, two special features: a seven-page photographic essay of football action around the nation and a portfolio of delightful impressions of a Big Ten homecoming weekend at Michigan State by André Franquin, the noted French artist.





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SCORECARD

THE RALSTON CASE

If ever there was a thorny issue, it is the suspension of Tennis Player Dennis Ralston. If ever there was an organization ill-equipped to cope with a thorny issue, it is the United States Lawn Tennis Association, which suspended him. This group of muddleheaded do-bitties has now managed to confuse the issue beyond any hope of clarity.

Ralston put on a bad show at the Davis Cup American Zone final in Cleveland two weeks ago. "Harumph!" said the USLTA, and "dear me!" By the time this unscrupulous group had cranked up for punitive action, Ralston was in the process of winning the national doubles championship with Chuck McKinley. So the grand saboteurs of tennis held off until the match was over, then informed Ralston that his presence was requested at a meeting of the USLTA's Amateur Rule Committee in New York the next evening. Ralston replied that he couldn't make it to the meeting but would be able to appear later. "Harumph!" said the USLTA, and "dear me!" Conference calls were made, and Ralston, after all this shilly-shallying, was thrown out of the national singles championships at Forest Hills. A few observations:

Ralston behaved badly at Cleveland—but there is a considerable body of doubt as to just how badly. Referee M. D. Kelle was the main witness for the prosecution. He charged, in a shrill report to the USLTA, that Ralston "yelled 'G-D— it!'" and "repeatedly pounded the net with his racket (we were sure that he was going to snap the cable) . . ." On the other hand, Umpire Olen Parks, who had a good view of the action, said that reports on Ralston's conduct were "very much exaggerated." And seven of the eight seeds at Forest Hills, among many others, petitioned the USLTA to lay off Ralston until the championships were over and evidence could be viewed calmly.

Whether Ralston is guilty or not, the USLTA has added another to its long list of bungled and misleading decisions. The young rowdies of tennis

should be punished when they are indeed guilty of rowdism, but such verdicts should not come from hasty-up hearings scheduled overnight after mauling delays. It will take an organization with more backbone and better eyesight than the USLTA to straighten out amateur tennis.

GUILT ON GOLDFISH

Goldfish in bowls have a look of hapless innocence. But turn them loose in lakes and they make all kind of mischief. Things have got so bad at Big Bear Lake in California that the state Department of Fish and Game is out to destroy them. The trouble is that goldfish have voracious appetites as voracious.



In Big Bear's fine trout waters, they compete gracefully for food. Also, goldfish reproduce more abundantly than rabbits, and are on the verge of overpopulating the fish world. "Goldfish," says one despairing resident of Big Bear Lake, "are the embodiment of the piscatorial kingdom."

The first goldfish were brought to Big Bear Lake—illegally—as live bait. Others were left at the end of summer by families tired of tending them, just as cats are abandoned every year by summer vandals. Businessmen at Big Bear

are thinking of draining the lake to eliminate the goldfish, while rescuing more desirable resident fish. Then, after a normal rainfall, the trout could be replanted. But the Department of Fish and Game suspects that the goldfish may have some secret weapon, and might repopulate Big Bear Lake as quick as you could say Margaret Singer.

A BREAK FOR BOXING

Madison Square Garden resembles some mythical beast that has grown fat by eating its own tail. Luckily, it has come to its corporate senses in the nick of time: it was about to devour its own head. By televising prizefights over the years, the Garden greatly assisted the decline and fall of the small boxing club, which could not compete with something people got for nothing in their living rooms. As the little arenas went dark, fighters no longer had the opportunity to practice their lonely craft or art, and thus there came to be fewer fighters, lousier fights, and televiewers often got nothing for nothing.

Last week the Garden, its teeth gnashing around its ears, announced a survival plan. In "a sincere and genuine effort to stimulate activity among small clubs," it set aside \$100,000 to subsidize struggling promoters. To qualify for a grant of \$5,000, a promoter must have put on 20 shows within a 40-week period; to receive \$2,500, 10 shows within 20 weeks. The Garden, which was involved in illegal monopolistic practices when it was controlled by James D. Norris and his International Boxing Club, stressed that the grants would be outright gifts and that it would not share in any profits or dictate operating policy.

This belated move looks like a sound one and indicates a degree of enlightenment on the part of the Garden's new management, headed by Admiral John J. Berger. It deserves courteous applause from all interested in the survival of the sport. Critics, who may see in it a revival of the tentacles of the IBC, should withhold criticism until the Garden's sincerity has been given a fair test.

VIVA VAGRA!

The other evening Vada Pinson of the Cincinnati Reds caught hold of a low pitch by Bob Friend of the Pittsburgh Pirates and slapped it into center field for a single, his 126th of the season. This hit put Pinson 18 games—and 72 hits—behind the immortal Lloyd Waner's modern singles record of 198, established in 1927.

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

Poor Vada does not really have a chance to beat Waner. One reason is the lively ball. Hits that went for singles in Waner's day are doubles in Pison's. The easy answer to this is for Vada simply to halt at first, regardless of the flight of the ball. He may, of course, run into some opposition from Manager Fred Hutchinson, who doesn't seem to know that records were made to be broken.

NOISY OLD ENGLAND

The peace and quiet of England's country hamlets is being ravaged these summer nights by dozens of noisy sports cars. In Wordsworth's Lake Country, whole villages are brought bolt upright by what one resident described as "a hundred cars roaring through the dead of night." Recently some 200 villages were placed off limits to racing sports cars, leading a club official to remark: "It's damn near impossible to chart a course. But let's face it. It's an anti-social sport. Everybody's a budding Stirling Moss, and once they get the bit between their teeth it's hell to pay." A Guildford innkeeper has his own solution: he simply throws geranium pots at them.

THE INSIDE TRACK

- Indications are that the 1968 Summer Olympics will be held in Moscow. The Red Chinese probably will forego making a major display of their athletic progress at Tokyo in 1964 in order to obtain a bigger propaganda advantage in 1968.
- The site for the stadium in which the National League's Houston Colts hope to play their baseball games in 1962 contains, naturally, five producing oil wells. Because the Colts purchased only the property from the Hilton Hotels Corporation and not the mineral rights, the income from the oil reverts to the Hilton interests.
- The big fight in televised sports among the major networks finds NBC losing out on a scheduler of football this season. CBS will show 91 NFL games and four postseason games while ABC has 39 AFL games plus all college (NCAA) telecasts and one postseason game. NBC's coverage will be limited to 14 NFL games and eight postseason games.
- Former Olympic Skating Champion Carol Heiss has been put on the back shelf by 20th Century-Fox. Her first film, *Snow White and the Three Stooges*, was not the success at the box office that

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Fox had hoped for. Executives feel that the Stogges drew just as many people, if not more, than Carol.

THE CHALLENGER

Harry Wiener is a man who is willing to throw his money, his weight and even his very voice into getting the American Football League off the ground. Last year he challenged the NFL's New York Giants to a game with his AFL Titans and was refused. Nothing daunted, he renewed the seeding challenge last week.

"I believe that the Giants are afraid of the Titans," said Wiener. "I don't care whether the game is played at the Polo Grounds, our home park, or at Yankee Stadium, their home park. I will personally put up the \$35,000 necessary to keep my club around for an extra week at the end of the season to meet the Giants. I think that if the Giants are willing to play, every bit of money taken in should go to the Jewish, Catholic and Protestant charities. The Titans can beat the Giants, and I am willing to pay to prove it. The NFL has always maintained that it is superior, but looking back at the records, the NFL was claiming that back in the late '30s when the All-America Football Conference was playing. Well, the Cleveland Browns came out of the AAFC and won the NFL championship the first year, and then won division championships for the next five years. Why won't the Giants play us? Are they afraid of us?"

The next move is up to the Giants. If they play and beat the Titans, they will hush Wiener's shouts. For a day or so, anyway.

REAL SHAMBOLES

The world's best soccer team, Real Madrid of Spain, played last week in Los Angeles, and if they never played there again nobody could blame them.

There was no doubt about the result of their game with Los Angeles United; the Spanish team won 9-0 and could have made it twice that bad. But the promoter was even more inept than the L.A. team. When the public arrived, the only programs available were replays of score listings printed in the *Los Angeles Examiner*, which not only failed to give the starting lineups but also left out player numbers. Up until the day before the game, no one could decide on the dimensions of the playing field, and only by searching through some trash were goalposts found. Advertisements stating

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

that high school students would be admitted for 75¢ were printed, but no such tickets turned up until game time. There was no one to operate a scoreboard, until a groundskeeper took over the chore when the game was 20 minutes old. Outside of that, everything was A-OK.

HAPPY RUNNERS-UP

Some athletes are ready for glory before glory is ready for them. Two such are Baltimore's Jim Gentile and Detroit's Rocky Colavito. They are enjoying the best seasons of their careers, but everybody is looking the other way at a couple of players named Mantle and Maris.

Gentile has hit 43 home runs, including two grand slams in successive innings. Colavito has put teeth into the Tiger attack with 40 homers, 124 RBIs and a creditable batting average of .292. In almost any other year, these two would be the big slugging heroes of the league. Are they bitter? Says Gentile: "Listen, I don't want to be compared with those guys. I never thought I'd do even this well. I figured maybe 20 or 25 or 30 homers tops. Homers come in bunches: if I get five or six more, I'll be happy."

Colavito, in the same good old baseball tradition, claims to be interested in winning a pennant and bored by personal homer races. "If Maris hits 61, he'll hit 'em, that's all," says Rocky. Anyway, there is much doubt that Colavito's fingers could stand the strain of hitting 61 home runs. After each homer he shakes the hand of every man on the Tiger bench. On a recent Sunday he hit four and shook 116 hands, which may be a record in itself in nonpolitical circles.

HOW A SOCIETY CAN FAIL

The vote last week by The Harnettian Society to continue holding harness racing's most important event at Du Quoin through 1963 was an act of weakness. The society had the power to extend the Illinois track's hold on the Hambo for five years—and should have.

When the race was moved in 1957 from Goshen, N.Y., because the society did not agree with the state's racing rules, many felt that the decision was wrong. To the contrary, Du Quoin proved an excellent location, and the race has never enjoyed more prestige.

Don and Gese Hayes have spent many hours and many dollars to make their track the perfect setting for the race. It is

continued

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A HAPPY SMOKE FOR HOUK

The man with the golden grin and glowing cigar is Ralph Houk, manager of the Yankees. His joy is understandable, for his team has just wrapped up the American League pennant (well, almost) and laid to rest Houk's personal ghost, the shade of Casey Stengel. As successor to that popular old idol, Houk was, from the start, under implacable pressure to win. The Yankees responded to Houk's great need with one of their greatest seasons. But until last weekend the team was still in mortal jeopardy of losing the pennant (and Houk of losing his job)—second-place Detroit also was having an amazing year. Then at Yankee Stadium, stimulated by big crowds, big games and big money, the Yankees conclusively crushed the Tigers. And Houk at last could have himself a great big winner's smile.



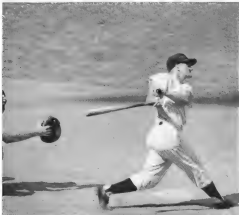


CONTINUED



DETROIT'S IKE WOZZ, WHO HAD STOLEN IS STRAIGHT, IS THROWN OUT BY HOWARD

FREE-SWIMMING SLUGGER MARIS HITS ONE OF TWO HOME RUNS IN SECOND GAME



YANKEES *continued*

HOW HOUK'S

The 1961 Yankees are distinctively and decidedly Ralph Houk's. With his own ways of handling personnel and his own strategy he has produced a New York team as good as Casey Stengel's best. His changes have been major ones. He de-emphasized the role of manager. He jacked Stengel's controversial platooning system. He increased Whitey Ford's starts and Ford's reaction was to win more games than any Yankee pitcher in 27 years. In spring training Houk told Elton Howard the catching job was his alone, and that he need not hit home runs but should go for singles up the middle. Howard is now among the league's leading hitters. Houk made Yogi Berra the permanent left fielder, and for the first time in several seasons local fans no longer tremble when a ball is hit in that direction.

Houk's greatest problem—and the Yankees' greatest asset—is the M&M boys. With a half million dollars awaiting the man who breaks Babe Ruth's home run record, Roger Maris and Mickey Mantle recently had begun to

BUNTING SLUGGER MANTLE DRAGS BALL TO



Photographs by Herb Scharfman

MEN WIN

swing at bad pitches—occasionally to the point where they hurt the team. "Sometimes you hit homers off bad balls," Maris said. He and Mantle kept on swinging, and Houk did not complain.

Against Detroit last weekend the Yankees showed how well they could play Houk's game. Friday night it was Left Fielder Berra who threw out a key runner after a fine stop, and singles hitter Howard who scored the game's only run after getting a hit to center. Mantle and Maris swung futilely. The next day Detroit's Frank Lary tried to treat M&M like ordinary batters. Mantle surprised the Tigers by bunting in a tying run, and Maris shell-shocked them with two home runs that won the game. Sunday it was Mantle's turn to hit two, and as a sixth-inning climax Howard, presumably with Houk's permission, hit a three-run homer instead of a single to break a tie score and break up the Tigers. The result was a sweep of the series and an almost certain passport for a new kind of Yankee team—Ralph Houk's kind.

TURN PAGE FOR MORE MEN



GRIMACING BELIEVER LUIS ARROYO GIVES BATTER HARD LOOK BUT NOTHING TO FET

THE RIGHT, PUSHING IN AN IMPORTANT RUN



DIVING YOGI BERRA GOES TO SECOND AFTER GAUGHT FLY, TO SURPRISE OF TIGERS



THE WEEK THEY TRY TO CATCH THE BABE

Drawings by Steve Simon



by JACK OLSEN

A fanciful (but by no means unbelievable) look at what might happen when Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris make their stretch runs at baseball's gaudiest record

No team, to be sure, plans a Maris shift in which all seven fielders array themselves against the right-field wall to cut off a 60th home run. And no pitcher intends to roll the ball to the plate when the M&M boys come up. But don't bet against either eventuality. The attack on Babe Ruth's record already has caused scores of oddities—not to

say weirdities—on and off the playing field, and matters are going to reach a hectic crescendo in the week when the record stands or falls. There may be one or two more important things going on in the world as September ends, but only a few people will pay them much heed.

TV and radio networks are arranging to break in with spot announcements as



the magic 60th homer comes in sight. Garry Moore and Ed Sullivan and Perry Como are trying to sign Maris and Mantle for appearances (asking price: \$15,000 the pair). Agents and handlers are waiting in the wings with all sorts of contracts. Ghostwriters are clogging up their typewriters to compose *How I Broke Ruth's Record*, byline pending.

But first M&M have to break the record, and the pitchers' union says they won't. The pitchers' union, which can be tougher than the Teamsters, said the same about Hank Greenberg, Ralph Kiner, Jimmy Pons and others who dared to assault Ruth's mark. In the final weeks of these gentlemen's big seasons they didn't see a pitch they could

have hit with a surfboard. The same is already happening to Mantle and Maris. Mantle hit his 47th home run off a Jim Kaat curve that would have bounced in front of the plate if Mantle had let it. He hit his 48th off a blooper looped up by Jack Kralick. Maris sometimes goes a whole game without seeing a decent pitch; he has started swinging at bad

continued

balls, and every union member knows it. The most frequent strategy now is to go to three and nothing on him and shoe begin working the corners, teasing him with marginal pitches and daring him to pass them up. He is taking the bait and swinging.

At the Lindell Bar in Detroit, a watering spot for Tiger players, the pitchers who will be called upon to halt both M&M and the Yankees discuss their role. Said one, in a moment of disarming candor, "We'll be busting ourselves in half to keep from giving up the record home run. Nobody wants to be that kind of sip. Maris will have to have a junk dealer's license to get into the ball park."

Pitchers don't care much

Interviewed for the record, however, American League pitchers almost in a man solemnly intone the cliché, "I don't care about the record; all that matters is winning the ball game." They also would have one believe that they are going to pitch to Mantle and Maris just exactly as they would if no record were at stake. Said Steve Barber of Baltimore, who will be working against the Yankees next

week, "I wouldn't feel too bad if either hit No. 60 off me, unless it cost me a ball game." This is true, and Barber is the Queen of Rumania. A Midwestern sports editor has felt the collective pulse of pitchers and predicts that Maris will not break the home run record but will establish a new mark for being hit in the back. (This record must be set in the first 154 games of the season; otherwise it will be noted with an asterisk.)

Whatever happens, the M&M road show will go down in baseball history as a commercial success of huge proportions. There has hardly been an empty seat at a Yankee game in weeks; attendance records fell at Minnesota, Kansas City and Los Angeles. Four-dollar tickets that a scalper couldn't have sold for \$3 a month ago are now going for \$30 and \$40 apiece. A White Sox official, Rudi Schaffer, gleefully anticipates a three-game series with the Yankees in Chicago, and—seeking the reverse publicity characteristic of these chaotic times

proudly points out that M&M have always fanned on the frail White Sox pitchers. The prospect will draw packed houses, and Schaffer's sole partisan hope is that Maris or Mantle will stride to the plate, point to a distant spot in the center-field stands and then *unleash* out.

One reporter flitted among the crowd at a Kansas City-Yankee game recently and asked 30 folks why they came. Three said they go to all Yankee games in Kansas City; two said they came to see the Yankees lose; two were season box holders who consider nonattendance a waste; one was a Yogi Berra fan; one explained that he always attends Friday night games, and 21 said they came to see Mantle and Maris. If this sampling can be trusted, it means that two-thirds of the near-capacity crowd of 30,870 were drawn solely by M&M.

The magnetic appeal of the record assault has even had its effect on the gross national product. The city of Detroit, understandably not regarded as a summer festival site for vacationers, is looking forward to its forthcoming four-game Yankee series with delighted smiles and outstretched hands. The ball park has been sold out for weeks. Nightclub busi-



Undaunted by the prospect of giving up the 60th home run, a pitcher carefully winks the corners against Roger Maris

ness, so slow that four top spots have filed bankruptcy proceedings, will get a financial boost. "I don't care if Maria hits 100 if it helps the business," said one-to-his-own-self-be-truck-driver owner. Cabbies are counting their fannies already. "It's six hits to the ball park," said a grizzled old-timer. "I can make six trips up and six back. A man could get rich right there." Others who will benefit peripherally are the peddlers of miniature baseballs, pennants and assorted *objets d'art*, all of whom have laid in big stocks of Maris and Mantle bats and balls. While fans queue up for these souvenirs of the great sweep of history, mementos of home-town heroes like Rocky Colavito and Norm Cash are going like coldcakes.

Someone has computed that a new homer record would be worth half a million dollars to the bidder, a fact with which Baseball Agent Frank Scott, M&M's representative, raises himself to deep and peaceful sleep each night. (It will also be worth money to the fan who catches the 60th homer. Babe Ruth paid \$50 for the ball he hit, and Mantle or Maris can be counted on to do at least as well, provided the right ball can be selected from the two dozen certain to be proffered by youthful son men.) At the moment, Scott is playing hard to get, and is idly sifting through offers from NBC (for the *Teddy* show), a CBS plan for a TV spectacular on M&M and the aforementioned bids from the top variety shows. He is riding high in a seller's market.

The idea of all this money waiting around for Mantle or Maris has not escaped the attention of the sporting public, which loves a winner, especially a rich winner. When Chicago Manager Al Lopez pitched three straight left-handers against the Yankees in a recent series he was soundly berated by fans. "They say I'm stealing thousands of dollars from Mantle and Maris," the baffled Lopez observed. The money manuf has helped to make baseball fans out of neophytes, including a few little old ladies who are under the impression that the San Francisco White Sox are leading the American League by six games to love. After every Yankee game sports desks and radio stations are inundated by calls from



"It's just another ball game to me," says Joe DiMaggio as he strides out to the mound to face M&M.

people who are monumentally disinterested in the score of the game but simply want to know if M or M hit one. *The Kansas City Star* has been taking 80 such calls a night. Not long ago a caller asked staffer Don Brewer how the Yankees were faring against Cleveland. "It's two to nothing Cleveland," said Brewer.

"Never mind that," said the caller. "Have Mantle or Maris hit any homers?"

Word from above

All of this frenzied interest has led certain experts to make more or less accurate predictions about the week the 60th homer is—or is not—hit. A New York tabloid, following in tradition of emporising journalism and expenses be damned, sent a reporter to "heaven" to sound out the most expert expert of all—the Babe himself. Ruth allowed that Maris seemed to have a good chance to break the record, but Mantle's prospects were poor. Somebody else predicted that the total paid attendance at the Kansas City game in Cleveland on Sept. 20 will be zero. Everybody will be at home listening to the Yankees play the 154th game of the season at Baltimore. At least one bridegroom-to-be will carry a transistor radio into the church, hear the 60th homer reported through his earplug and answer "He did" instead of "I do."

Senators from every state where Man-

tle and Maris have been born or lived, which they have passed through or mispelled in school, will rush to the Senate floor to deliver congratulatory speeches about their native son. The Senators from New York will speak, on the grounds that North Dakotian Maris and Oklahoman Mantle ply their trade in that great state, and the Senators from Massachusetts will point out that the ball, after all, was made leveler in that great state. Somewhere a crafty employer will install a radio loudspeaker in the office, and for the first time since World War II nobody will take a coffee break.

It is even possible to predict the scene in the dressing room on the fateful day. Somebody will ask M or M what kind of pitch he hit. "A good fast ball," he'll say. Somebody will ask the pitcher what he threw. "A curve ball that hung," he'll say. Somebody will also ask the catcher. "It was a slider that sailed," he will report.

Not even baseball players have been exempt from the plethora of prognostication and opiate dreams. In every dugout before every game players get together and work up the possibilities. One pitcher—whose jets may reveal his intentions—thinks it would be hilarious if Maris or Mantle tripped on a bat and broke a leg as he strode to the plate with 59 home runs and eight games to play. Another foresees Maris standing at the plate for his very last at bat, needing one homer to break the record. The score is tied and Kubek is on third. Maris digs in; the pitcher punks, drops the ball in the middle of his wind-up and the winning run is balked across the plate. The ball game is over, and Maris is left standing there—a failure.

Somewhere behind this mountain of conjecture, speculation and guesswork, a permanent race is going on, which brings up the most fascinating possibility of them all. It is expressed by Tiger Manager Bob Scheffing, that sage fellow who brought the Detroiters from a sixth-place finish last year into contention for the pennant. Says Scheffing, a man who seems to see a lovely vision dimly through a thickening fog: "Imagine if Mantle and Maris both hit 65 homers, and the Yankees finished second. I'd be delirious." So would baseball. **END**

CASE OF THE DEADLY DEAN

Trotting's foremost event had a shocker of an ending as Harlan Dean murdered the opposition and set a world record in the 34th Hambletonian

by KENNETH RUDEEN

It took a world record by a once-gimpy trotter to win the fastest Hambletonian Stake of all time last week, and if the 32,964 spectators in the country-fair atmosphere of Du Quoin, Ill. were intrigued by a hot jazz band, awed by a blonde aerialist and impressed by a sharp-shooting girl archer, they were simply overwhelmed by the unexpected performance of a splendid horse.

Never before had there been so many good 3-year-olds for a winner to beat in this most honored of all trotting races. And Agatha Christie at her most tantalizing could hardly have devised a script more likely to deceive observers trying to pick the horse that could kill off the rest.

The favorite's role for the Hambletonian shifted erratically from one 3-year-old to another as the top stake races were contested throughout the early summer. First Duke Rodney set a track record at Goshen for his age group. Then temperamental Matasar looked even better, only to have Duke Rodney regain the favorite's role with a world record 1:54-mile dash in the Yonkers Futurity, the first leg of trotting's Triple Crown. Finally, and most remarkably, a deep-chested, beautifully gaited black named Caleb broke a 30-year record for 3-year-old colt trotters, floating to the win at Springfield, Ill. in a mid-August event. The second horse in this race, two lengths behind the flying Caleb, was Harlan Dean, a lightly regarded long shot from the stable of Delvin Miller, the No. 1 U.S. driver-trainer. He finished in 1:59, his first effort below 2:03 all year.

Astute detective-handicappers should have spotted the Hamble-

tonian winner then and there. Caleb was too pat a suspect, the finger pointed at him too firmly. ("The man didn't even touch Harlan Dean that day," said the horse's caretaker, Sam Rickett, later at Du Quoin. "He just let him trot.") As hindsight reveals, Harlan Dean was just rounding into top racing form. But hardly anyone noticed the Springfield clue. After all, Harlan Dean had been sore-legged for months beforehand and able to win only one event in eight starts. So Johnny Simpson's picture trotter, Caleb, remained the choice, with Matasar and Duke Rodney a bit behind.

When Del Miller got to Du Quoin he knew well that Harlan Dean had a better chance to win than a second horse from his string, the filly Meadow Farr. Miller

had his choice of which to drive himself. The night before the race he told his second driver, small, good-humored Jimmy Arthur, "Jimmy, you've worked more with the horse. You take him. I know Meadow Farr better. I'll take her." That's Del Miller for you.

Race morning brought a smothering surge of Du Quoin's oppressive heat to Gene and Don Hayes's lovely fair-ground, where the ugliness of played-out strip mines has been transformed by lawns and blessed shade trees.

As proprietors of the Hambletonian since 1937, when political storms cut it adrift from Goshen, N.Y., the Hayeses have been a rare gift to harness racing. But this year they were uneasy. Their present three-year Hambletonian contract was to expire after the 1962 race. The Hambletonian Society was to meet after the big race to consider 1963 and beyond. The Hayeses' unease was due to a bid for the Hambletonian by Vernon Downs, an upstate New York track that promised a \$350-600 face lifting, including the extension of its 1/2-mile track to a full mile if a three-year contract were forthcoming.

Thus, in a sense, Du Quoin was on trial as the 13 Hambletonian starters—10 in the first tier and three behind—stepped smartly away in the first heat of the year's top race. By now, in early afternoon, it was gaspingly hot. In the packed stands spectators wearing as little as the law and Midwestern modesty allow wagged their programs furiously to stir the oven of air.

Then the heat was forgotten. It's always exciting to see a sizeable trotting audience in some

SPINNING AERIALIST PROVIDES SHAPELY SUGGESTION





ROLLING FIELD HEARS START OF SECOND HEAT AS INTENT ARMY ARTHUR (20) SETS LAST GLANCE FROM BOSS DEL MILLER (3)

rural area having a splendid time without ever making a bet (betting is impossible at Du Quoin, where the totos are illegal). As attentive as if each had at least \$2 on a high-bred nose, spectators groaned when Duke Rodney broke while ahead in the stretch, then cheered as Harlan Dean, with Jimmy Arthur whipping and clucking, swung eight horses wide down the outside of the track to defeat Maststar by a mere head. They shouted when the time was posted, a world record: 1:58.2, and roared again when the implausible Harlan Dean almost casually outtrotted Caleb by 2½ lengths to win the second and decisive heat in 1:59. The aggregate was a world record for two heats on a mile track, and the winner's purse was a plush \$77,364.93. Caleb was second and Maststar third.

If Del Miller, who has been the trainer of two other Hambletonian winners (driving one himself), should come up with 20 more, he will never have one with as incongruous a background as Harlan Dean. In 1954 Miller trained a good trotter named Harlan. Jimmy Arthur placed second with him in one heat of that year's Hambletonian. Sensing the

makings of a valuable sire in Harlan, Kentucky's Walrus Hall Stud sought to buy him from his Pittsburgh owner, but only on condition that Harlan's potency could be reasonably well-established. It wasn't, and Harlan was sent packing back to Pennsylvania. Max Hempf, a huge and hugely successful figure in harness racing, was less doubtful about Harlan's virility, and bought him as a sire for the modest sum of \$25,000.

Meanwhile, at the Hanover Shoe Farms, Hanover, Pa., the most important trotting nursery in the world, a filly foal by the world champion Hanover trotter, Dean Hanover, was born sightless in one eye and with a defective leg ("She didn't stand good," a Hanover man explains.) Fearful that she might transmit infirmities to her offspring, Hanover sold her as a yearling to a Maryland horseman for \$100. Her name was Lydean Hanover.

Hempf heard of this transaction and promptly bought her for himself, paying \$350. He was enthralled with her bloodlines and willing to risk what amounted to a fairly modest gamble. Soon Lydean was totally blind, but Hempf bred her to Harlan. The result: Harlan Dean. Hempf

sold him as a yearling to Del Miller and Pennsylvania's Roy Cleveland, a road contractor, for only \$5,500 but began to like his looks so much that he bought back a one-third interest.

Harlan Dean was actually far from sound when he started racing. But even so he managed to win seven of 20 starts as a 2-year-old, earn \$41,748 and emerge from the season as a prospect for the Hambletonian. Then he developed sore legs again early this year, and seemed to be a ho-hum horse.

Jimmy Arthur showed there was nothing ho-hum about him last week, however, nor was there anything else dull about the 36th Hambletonian. The Hayes boys were delighted by the race and relieved the next day when The Hambletonian Society board of directors extended Du Quoin's contract to hold the event for another year—through 1963.

But the happiest man of all was boss Max Hempf, who had picked the winner all the way. "The blood's there," he exulted, waving a hand toward Harlan Dean as the new champion was being cooled out. "It will always pop out. And it popped right here." **END**

A TALENT FOR ADVERSITY

Britain's Walker Cup team lost to the U.S. 11 matches to one, but in the friendly atmosphere of true amateur golf they vowed to continue as long as the game is played

by ALFRED WRIGHT

When the Walker Cup competition ended last Saturday at Seattle, the U.S. had won 11 of the 12 matches and the right to three firm conclusions: 1) American amateur golf is at an all-time peak; 2) Major David Blair (below), a Seaford Highlander who plays for the British in a very sharp assortment of keshiebockers, can easily outdress any other golfer now active; and 3) the British positively embrace adversity. They have won only one Walker Cup since the event began in 1922, yet the head of the tournament committee of the Royal

and Ancient Golf Club proclaimed on Saturday night that the matches would "continue as long as golf is played."

To take first matters first, the outcome of these 1961 Walker Cup matches was never in doubt to anyone who had watched a few practice rounds by the 10 British and 10 American golfers who were to represent their sides. The British were not at home under the kind of golfing conditions presented by the extremely scenic Seattle Golf Club course. It is born out of a forest of enormous evergreens, and its roller-coaster fairways have little resemblance to the wide and windswept seaside links where so much

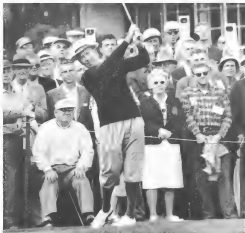
British golf is played. As is its habit, the U.S. Golf Association had prepared the course for championship play by allowing the rough bordering the fairways to grow as much as four to six inches. The British have had little experience playing out of such thick, unyielding grass, and even with the larger American ball, they felt very unsure of themselves.

On the day before the matches began, it seemed obvious to Charles Lawrie, Britain's nonplaying captain, that some sort of drastic strategy was called for to avoid a debacle. It is customary in Walker Cup play for each captain to submit the order of his lineup on the evening preceding each day's play. Lawrie, a handsome, graying 38-year-old Scotsman of long golfing experience, took a gamble. For Friday's foursomes (four matches played with alternate drives and alternate shots), he put his two weakest teams at the head of the lineup and his two strongest at the bottom, hoping his stronger teams might beat the weaker American pairs.

Unlike the masterminds of baseball and football, Walker Cup captains tend to denigrate the importance of their strategic plays. "There's really not much point in trying to juggle your lineups," Lawrie had said only a couple of hours before he submitted his juggled lineup. "For all you know, the other chap may have decided to do the same thing, and then you've achieved nothing. It's best just to line your players up in their logical order."

All four of the British pairings started shakily on Friday morning. Of the first four holes played in each of the four matches, the U.S. teams won nine and the British only two. Those two, logically enough, were won by the team of Michael Berolack, the current British Amateur champion, and his 22-year-old

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Text and Photographs by
GOLES PHINIZY

SEARCH FOR TREASURE BENEATH THE SPANISH MAIN

In the make-believe world of adventure stories and television shows, the life of a treasure diver is a simple, successful one. The underwater hero swims down into the cabin of a sunken ship. After outsmarting a few dull-witted sharks and besting a rival diver who tries to cut his air supply, the hero returns with a chest full of wealth. In actuality the treasure diver's life is sometimes an adventure. Occasionally it is rewarding—perhaps even in gold, for although he may claim to be a historian looking for fragments of the past, the professional diver will admit, as does Art McKee, organizer of the expedition shown on these pages, "when you get right down to it, we're after treasure."

Regardless of what he is trying to find, however, the search is never simple. Sometimes the sea and everything in it seem to conspire against him. Certainly it was that way for the men in McKee's expedition, which went out recently to search the remains of an old ship sunk on a reef southwest of Jamaica.

Whether he is after gold or merely groveling for a few rusty links in the chain of history, the treasure hunter works
In a world full of danger and, often, disappointment

On the shoals of the Pedro Bank where they worked, for 16 hours of every 24 the tide ran a knot and a half, and almost every day breakers born of distant Caribbean storms boiled over the reef so that a diver wearing 25 pounds of lead had to crawl and hang on or be pulled away like a limp doll. For two weeks the divers averaged six hours a day below, the best of them working 11 hours without surfacing. Despite these hazards, the divers managed to lift and sift through 30 tons of debris, finding buttons, buckles, pipes and shoes, galley steels and religious medals, cannons and sidearms, dodecahedrons and blocks and swatches of sailcloth.

Out of this hodgepodge, what had the divers actually learned? A number of things. First, to judge by the religious

medals and the cannons, it was a Spanish merchantman sunk some time before 1730. The ship had touched one port and was bound for at least one other before turning home to Spain, for the cargo included knife blades to trade in the New World and also cocoa beans to take back to the Old. The ship had struck the top of the reef and left much of its ballast rock there. Its cannons were scattered wildly over the area of a football field, yet, judging by the lack of human bones, none of the crew were trapped below when the ship went down.

Was it worth two weeks of hard labor to find just this much? "It is always worth it to me," one of the divers said, "because when I dig I always think that just a foot deeper in the mud lies something I really want to find."

IN A BLUE MOLE on the reef the diver pats his shoulder against a rib of the old ship to pry it out of the rubble that has covered it for more than 200 years.

CONTINUED





ON THE REMOTE REEF the fish are too friendly and the sea seldom friendly enough. As the divers wrench at the bearded timbers of the old ship (above), a penhardling gag of goatfish, grunts and wrasses, attracted by food in the silk, is constantly underhand and underfoot. On top of the reef (right), a diver spends most of his time hanging on, pulled first one way and then another by the force of the night-loot breakers that roll like storm clouds over him.

CONTINUED





PHOTO: HOWARD GORDON

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IN THE BATTLE UNDER WATER the men often feuded both the sea and their own elaborate digging equipment fighting against them. As the waves grew big overhead, the air-lift pipe that the divers used for sucking sand and debris away from the wreck would suddenly rear back, fighting to get free, snatching its handlers in a messy, dangerous tangle of air lines. At other times the pipe would lunge forward, clog with debris and refuse to suck any more until the divers, like monkeys on a giant stick (below), crawled along its length pounding the obstructions loose.

CONTINUED





SHIP'S TOOLS AND UTENSILS were found scattered over 30 square yards. Of these, the broiler mortar and the clay bowl (upper left) will last, but the paddle, hammerhead, marking spike, tang, balancing scale and ashad, all of forged iron, will soon become oxidized and crumble to dust.

VALUABLE FINDS (right), most of them scattered near a section of the ship's ribs, include a silver-plated dagger handle, silverware, medals and crosses, a thumbtack, key, razed spoon and a measuring rod.

TELLTALE RECOVERIES—a pipe, a buckle and the jawbones of two cats—indicate that the ship's last hours were frantic, the crew members too concerned for their lives to bother with personal items or pets.





HOVERING LIKE A DARK ANGEL is an illusion of his own making. A diver searches through a cloud of air and bubbles that spews from the air-lift pipe. The diver can hang like this in mid-water only during slack tides. When the tide is strong the pipe is laid flat and the diver must hug the bottom, constantly watching for small artifacts (some of them are shown at left) that might be caught up in the strong suction and speed out unaided.

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GOOD YEAR



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THROUGH THE POWERFUL EYES OF BINOCULARS

a sailor seeks the distant buoys, the rocks and reefs that are the water's guideposts; and a horseplayer follows the running around the vastness of a track. But in the relatively close quarters of an arena or a stadium, few spectators use binoculars—they are watching but not seeing. These color photographs by John G. Zimmerman, taken through binoculars, show how seemingly ordinary action becomes startlingly clear. At right: the upended urgency of an Oriole forced at second is brought home to a Yankee Stadium right-field box. For closeups of football, a fight, and fall spectator fashions see the following six pages. Below are tips for selecting binoculars.

Best all-purpose binoculars are 7 x 35, the 7 for magnification, the 35 for diameter in millimeters of the objective lens. Some prefer more powerful 8 x 40s. The larger the lens diameter the more light is admitted. For example, a 50-mm. lens is better for foggy, twilight or night viewing. All lens surfaces should be coated for best light transmission. A good pair of binoculars, a lifetime investment, costs \$100 to \$300.

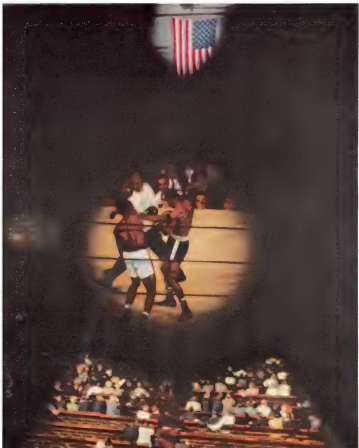




As Iowa Hallback Gerry Mauren carries against Notre Dame, binoculars bring the action up large and clear to the first tier of seats, 70 yards away from mid-field.



Using seven-power binoculars, the spectator 140 feet away in a mezzanine seat of New York's Madison Square Garden gets a ringside look as boxers tangle in a fast exchange.



**NEW STYLES
FOR LONG-RANGE
LOOKING**

emerge as the autumn news in spectator sportswear. For women the shape is the cape, like this hooded one by Trigrère. For men, the way to wear patterns is to mix them casually, as here at Belmont: a checked shirt, a foulard tie, a herringbone suit.

Photograph by Jo D. Simon







Cape shape appears again in Bonnie Cashin's great-collared coat. And striped shirts and patterned ties give a racy air to men's plaid suits. Women's spectator suits have long, fitted lines. Red hacking jacket above was designed by Eilen Brooke to wear over black-and-white plaid.

SPORTING LOOK FACTS. Page 41: Tights: cape of purple-and-plum plaid wool is at Saks Fifth Avenue. Khaki gloves are made of 100% wool, 100% cotton-lined, by Gordon-Road, is \$70 at Macys and Moore. Madison, Wis. Herbert Scheraga felt hat is \$30 at Brooks Bros. Checked shirt by Hiramshaw is \$5. Page 42: Green-plaid suit by Hiramshaw is \$70 at Lyon's. Chicago. Halfway lab-coller shirt is \$1.58. Red-and-gold-plaid melon coat by Bonnie Cashin for Saks is \$160. Lord & Taylor, New York. Page 43: Men's striped plaid suit is \$125 at Fashion Park. Halfway's striped broadcloth shorts \$14. Olsen Brocke for Sportswear Co. colored ensemble jacket, blouse and skirt is \$173 complete at J. L. Kefauver, Detroit. Gold jewelry is from Tiffany.

'IT SOLID HAS TO CLICK'

So says U.S. Champion Deane Beman, a new kind of businessman-amateur who has good reason to believe he will make a fortune while winning golf's big titles

by OWLYM S. BROWN

Deane Beman, a buoyant young man who likes his hair cut short and his cars cut low, is the prospering proof that amateur golf can yield up a spectacular living to the sportsman energetic enough and shrewd enough to play the angles as well as he plays his shots. This can be done without recourse to oath prizes, under-the-table payments, fraudulent betting crops or any of the other risible trappings of semiprofessionalism. It can be done merely by selling—selling insurance, selling oil or lumber or stocks or even good will—and it only partly matters if the salesman is good. As long as his golf is good, other golfers will buy from him—and generously.

In recent years dozens of amateurs have discovered this delightful idiosyncrasy of the American golfing public, but few of them have capitalized on it with quite the unflinching determination that characterizes Deane Randolph Beman. One very good reason is that almost none of them can play golf as well as Beman, who at 23 has already won the British Amateur (1959), been named to two Walker Cup teams and last year won the U.S. Amateur Championship. Last week in Seattle, Beman scored with Jack Nicklaus to beat James Walker and Brian Chapman 6 and 5 in the four-somes, then won 3 and 2 over British Amateur Champion Mike Bonallack as he helped the U.S. retain the Walker Cup, 11 matches to one. Next week he will defend his Amateur Championship against 199 golfers at Pebble Beach.

Born into a family of middle-class means and still without his college degree (he dropped out of the University

of Maryland when his business and golf commitments became too heavy), Beman has industriously transformed his golfing titles and talents into a fully equipped, air-conditioned, five-bedroom house in a comfortable growing suburb of Washington, D.C.; also into a fully equipped, air-conditioned 1961 Thunderbird sedan for himself and a 1961 Corvet for his wife Miriam; and into an insurance business that probably will make him a millionaire before he is 30.

On a recent summer morning Beman stood in the front hall of his fresh new house in Bethesda, Md., about to begin a typically businesslike workday. After saying goodbye to his two daughters—Amy, who will be 3 next month, and Priscilla, born last January—he stared dolefully at three tall and bulky silver golf trophies that squatted on the floor. He had held them for a year and it was now time to return them to tournament sponsors.

"I'll crate these up and send them out tonight, I promise," he called to Miriam, who was in the kitchen stuffing breakfast dishes into the automatic dishwasher. He ignored the muffled but clearly dubious reply and slipped into the jacket of his neat, dark summer suit. The summer air smote him with a furnace blast as he stepped from the cool of the house into the frost yard, but he hurried down the walk with the same crisp, jaunty stride that carries him around a golf course and slid under the wheel of his maroon Thunderbird. Beman enjoys driving this car, but he considers it less a luxury than a business asset. "Looking successful is going to help you be suc-

cessful," he says with more conviction than originality. "When you drive up in a car like this people get the idea that you *solid* mean business." (Solid is a word Beman frequently tosses into sentences for emphasis. To be a business success, he says, you have to "*solid* like to sell.")

The picture of solid success, Beman was now headed toward his office in Arlington, Va., about 30 minutes by car. Here he and his 29-year-old partner, Bill Ruppert, a longtime golfing companion, head up Beman & Ruppert Associates, an insurance brokerage firm that handles business and industrial clients mainly in the East but sometimes is placed as far distant as California. As he drove, slouched low in the bucket seat, his white straw hat tipped forward on his light-red hair, his fingertips toying casually, instinctively with the steering wheel, Beman explained the workings of the



PARTNERS BILL RUPPERT (STANDING)



AND DEANE BERMAN TALK OVER INSURANCE BUSINESS IN NEW ARLINGTON OFFICE

company that he and Buppert had formed a year and a half before.

"We've worked out a unique program," he said. "Once we've made an agreement with a company, we go in and help service their existing employee-benefit program, acquaint the employee with their benefits under this program and then sit down individually with each person to work out just how much additional life insurance he needs. This is done through us on a purely individual, optional basis, but the main advantage to the employee is that he can have his premiums deducted from his paycheck. We have found that better than one in four will take out a policy with us.

"Naturally, the company has to buy the idea before we can put it into effect, but our approach is a strictly informal one. We figure we have to go right to the top man, or the head operations man, anyway, and throw the idea at him. It

would has to click with him. If he buys the concept then the battle's half won. The sales stimulus now comes from the top down. Right? Right."

The two young men have been so successful at tossing their ideas at the top man that they expect to produce an estimated \$250,000 in new life-insurance premiums this year. At 50% to 60% in commissions, this amounts to at least \$125,000 net, and does not include stock options that B. & B. frequently get. This figure would make them one of the major underwriters of personal life insurance in metropolitan Washington, an area that encompasses some 1,500 agents and general agents. They've had no offers, but the company's potential is so great that both say they wouldn't sell out now for over \$1 million in cash.

Old high school friends may be startled by the figure, but using hindsight they could have gasted Deane Berman

would do well. A skinny boy of medium height, Berman was something of a super-active rascal. "He was the type who'd always park in the teachers' parking lot and cut afternoon classes," recalls Miriam Berman, who started dating her husband at Bethesda-Chevy Chase High School. "When I'd meet him after school, he'd be surrounded by half a dozen glowering teachers. But he'd tell a funny story, they'd all laugh and he'd whiz right off. Then he'd drive to school the next day and park in the teachers' lot again."

Berman has so much brass that while waiting to take Miriam Orndorff out on a date he would recount to a horrified Mrs. Orndorff numerous, if wholly imaginative, disasters that had befallen the Berman family. Even Berman's longtime golfing friend and principal rival for the Amateur Championship, Jack Nicklaus, has learned to appreciate his artistry with a yarn. "Deane can be a great talker," says Nicklaus. "When he starts telling some of his stories you've got to take the square root of what he says and divide by eight to get anywhere near the truth."

A fine athlete

While Berman may have been a light-hearted storyteller, he was also a proficient and serious athlete. As a junior-high-school undergraduate he starred for the Bethesda-Chevy Chase recreation center 125-pound football team. On defense he was a vicious tackler. On offense he played right halfback and, though not exceptionally fast, he was as slippery as a wild panther, punting his knees so high when he carried the ball that he proved a difficult target to tackle. The year he was 13, in fact, he scored 125 of his team's 158 points.

Berman started playing golf when he was 12. His father, Delmar Jr., is a former football player, golfer and, during high school days, a 220-yard sprinter. Father Berman's nervous energy makes even his restless son seem sleepy by comparison. Delmar wasted no time getting his family into golf. He came home from his public relations job one day, announced that he had just joined the Bethesda Country Club, and produced six sets of \$34.95 golf clubs: one for himself, one for Mrs. Berman, and one each for

continued

the four Berman children, Ariens, Del III, Louis and Deane, the youngest. Deane, however, didn't really begin to take the game seriously until he was 15, but was almost immediately a winner. While still 15, he was low qualifier from the Washington area for the National Junior. At 16 he went south and pulled a big surprise by winning the South Florida Amateur. And at 17 he qualified for the U.S. Open, one of the youngest golfers ever to do so.

It was not until the spring of 1959, when Berman was 21, that he first gained national prominence. He played in Great Britain on the Walker Cup team and

ical, methodical and utterly efficient." This is an ecstatic, yet still accurate, description of Berman in action on a golf course. It is what Berman holds a putter in his hands that he is at his efficient best. Berman himself feels that putting is the essence of his game. "I don't mind being outdriven," he says, "but I start getting mad if the fellow I'm playing with outputs me."

Berman describes his putting stroke as "a little wrist, a little arm, a little shoulder," but in its most vital element the shaft of the putter rests between the pads at the base of the left hand, not under the bottom pad. "This grip just *so* keeps the club face square," he says. "There's almost no way you can pull the putt." Berman developed his stroke in high school through hours spent at night on the sparsely lighted practice green at the Columbia Country Club in Chevy Chase, near the Berman home. Often the patient Miriam would be with him. "I don't know what my mother believed when I told her we'd spent the evening out putting," Miriam says, "but I guess I would have gone anywhere Deane wanted me to go."

The result of all this practice is a putting grip, stance and stroke that seem as effortless as breathing. "Look at that stroke!" exclaims Nicklaus, who coils exuberantly over his own puts like a man searching for four-leaf clovers. "It has feel, it has touch written all over it. How he can putt so well under pressure I don't know. He must have no nerves at all."

"Jack may be right," agrees Berman. "If I had jumpy nerves and got excited on the green when the going was rough I probably wouldn't have a chance. But if your nerves are tough enough that is the best way to putt."

Obviously, the same qualities of toughness and confidence, plus a frank, open manner, help make Berman the superb salesman he is and a perfect contact man for Berman & Buppert Associates. Berman started selling insurance for B&B Buppert while majoring in business at Maryland. Buppert, a Maryland economics major who left school in 1951, is a big, dark, round-faced man with a slow drawl and a fast eye for a dollar. He went into the insurance business in 1954 after two years as an assistant golf professional. By 1960 Buppert knew so much about insurance and Berman had corralled so many accounts that the two incorporated the present partnership. The firm is housed in a modern five-room office and

consists of themselves, a sales force of five and an office staff of two.

Berman's current share of the lush harvest (aside from his co-ownership) is a drawing account of \$1,000 per month, two company-paid-for cars and a golfing expense account of some \$6,000 per year. "I don't know what Joe Dey over at the USGA would think about that," Berman says of the golf expense item, "but since the company's half mine it seems legitimate enough. It's certainly a legitimate tax deduction."

A company asset

The point, of course, are a matter between Deane Berman and the U.S. Government. There is no doubt, however, that Berman's many tournament, pro-am, member-guest and social appearances are among the company's biggest assets. They bring him into close contact with countless business and industrial leaders, most of whom are delighted to throw some insurance his way.

"Here's a typical example of how this works," said Berman, sitting at his desk and showing a letter from a California airline executive. "I met this fellow on the practice tee when I was playing in a member-guest over at Burning Tree. He's invited me to come down and play his course in L.A. while I'm in California for the Amateur. When I play down there I'll maybe meet several other aircraft people. I'm certain a few of them will be interested in our insurance ideas."

It is, of course, vital to Berman these days to keep his golf game at championship level. Unfortunately, the more he becomes involved in the intricacies of fringe benefit insurance, the more his game suffers. "Right now," he explains, "my game is sort of dormant. I haven't had time to practice the refinements [mostly lengthening his tee shots] I've been trying to work into it. But in a couple of years I expect to be able to get away from the paper work and concentrate on making contacts. Then I'll have a chance to practice and pick my spots. I see no reason why I can't compete on an even basis with the pros and someday win the Masters or the Open, or both, as an amateur."

These are ambitious goals that have eluded most of the best golfers in the world, but Deane Berman is industrious enough to match his ambition. No one knows any better than he that Berman the Masters and Berman the Open champion could also be *solid* Berman the multimillionaire. **END**



IN NEW HOME, Berman plays with Frankie (center) and Amy as wife Miriam watches.

then, though his cash ran out, stayed on to score an astonishing victory in the British Amateur.

"I was *solid* the worst player on the Walker Cup squad," Berman admits, "but I was determined to play myself back into form." Berman hit 200 practice shots a day, then, when the tournament began, marched steadily through the Amateur. Leonard Crawley, the London *Daily Telegraph* golf writer, was so impressed by Berman that he described him as "a magnificent player, fierce, mechan-



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Good for deer, bad for ducks

Light snow and a warm spring left a bounty of game for most gunners, but for the waterfowl hunter the 1991 season may be the worst ever

Best shooting in a decade for landbound quarry

Ever since the end of the 1980 hunting season a team of naturalists from the conservation-minded Old Northwest Chemical Corporation has been making an extensive study of the condition of U.S. game. In cooperation with state game departments, winter surveys, spring counts and band-survival studies were made in all parts of the country. Below, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED presents the results of this unique survey, which provides a comprehensive report for hunters on the various game species they will pursue during the coming fall.

Big game

DEER Traditionally the nation's most popular big-game animal, the deer has hit an all-time population peak this season. White-tail, mule and black-tail deer are reported in greater abundance than ever before; and hunters with bows, rifles and shotguns are expected to harvest almost two million head. Of 48 states with open seasons, 32 report increases over 1990's belching herds; 12 estimate herds to be as plentiful as last year, and only three—California, Nevada and Connecticut—report slight decreases. Best bets for deer hunters are Alaska, Colorado, Idaho, Louisiana, Maine, Montana, North Dakota, Texas, Virginia and Washington.



BEAR As in seasons past, the majority of sportsmen taking bears this fall will do so while pursuing other big game. Hunters specifically seeking bear, however, will find record crops in Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Colorado and Oregon where late counts indicate healthy increases over last season. Alaska also reports its brown- and polar-bear populations are in excellent condition with state-wide harvests expected to equal those of a year ago. Other states with bear populations comparable to last year's are Arizona, California, Florida, Idaho, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, New Mexico, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Utah, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming.



ANTELOPE Only 50 years ago antelope were dangerously close to extinction—total in U.S. herds was less than 30,000. Today, thanks to conscientious efforts on the part of conservationists to improve breeding and habitat conditions, the pronghorn ranks second only to deer among the nation's most numerous big-game animals, and its amazing comeback is reflected throughout its range in long, fruitful hunting seasons. In Wyoming alone present herds are estimated in excess of 120,000. Peak populations are also reported



this year from Montana, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Arizona and New Mexico. Antelope crops in Texas, Colorado, Utah and Oregon are comparable to last year's abundant ones, and only Idaho and Nevada report populations down slightly.

ELK One of the continent's most desirable trophies because of its impressive antlers and tender meat, the elk, or American wapiti, lures thousands of out-of-state hunters into its range each fall. Washington, Oregon, California, Colorado and Arizona indicate herds this season are even bigger than a year ago. Idaho and Montana, the country's top elk hunting states, report populations at all-time highs. Wyoming and Utah have the same size herds as last year, while Nevada expects a somewhat smaller elk crop.

OTHER BIG GAME Prospects for mountain goat in Montana and Alaska are excellent, while Washington and Idaho anticipate bigger goat herds than in many seasons. Mountain sheep continue to hold their own in the West, with sound, healthy herds in Alaska, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. New Mexico again reports increases of Barbary sheep among herds introduced in that state less than 10 years ago. Moose in Wyoming and Utah are steady, with Montana's herds doing well, especially in wilderness areas. Alaska also reports increases in its moose herds, with many record-class trophies still to be taken by hunters. Herds of bannock caribou in the 49th state also show gains. Walrus and bison populations remain at last year's levels. Javelina continue to multiply in Texas, where populations are now reported well over 100,000, with an expected harvest this season of 5,000. Wild boar are maintaining good levels in Tennessee, North Carolina and Hawaii. The latter state also reports final goat herds are good.



Small game

RABBIT More cottontail rabbits are taken than any other game species in the U.S. Last year, despite heavy pressure, rabbits attained what was thought to be an unassailable peak in numbers, but to the delight of some 12 million hunters, this season's crop is expected to run even higher. A total of 28 states reports increases, with strongest populations in the southeast and central U.S. Thirteen states expect at least as many rabbits as they had in 1990. Only three states—Texas, Pennsylvania and New Jersey—anticipate fewer cottontails this season than last. Among the other species, snowshoe hares and western jack rabbits are also up over last year throughout their range. Many states are allowing a year-round open season for hunting rabbits.



Though summer has not yet been given a decent burial in most sections of the country, at least a dozen states have ushered in the fall with the opening of their hunting seasons. In Wyoming the first of the year's antelope trophies have already been brought in. Along the coast of California, the deer hunters have been out for more than six weeks. And in Oregon this week the sea-

son on grouse and on mountain quail opens for some 15,000 shotgunners.

As other seasons get under way across the country, the prospects for bringing home game this fall are both as good and as bad as they have ever been. According to a national survey, the prospects for big and small game and for upland game birds have rarely been better. But the conclusion of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife

Service is that 1961 will be the poorest year ever for duck shooters.

The bright side of the 1961 hunting forecast (below) is very bright indeed. This year's deer crop is the largest in history.

The small-game outlook is even more exciting. States across the country report bumper crops of rabbits and squirrels. But the best hunting of all, according to

continued

SQUIRREL The squirrel crop, second only to rabbit in the number of small-game animals taken annually, will be about the same as 1960. The only significant changes this season are in the lake states—Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana—and in a number of central states—Iowa, Kansas, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Kentucky—where fox and gray-squirrel populations are expected to exceed those of a year ago. Alabama, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico and Vermont also report moderate increases over last season. Populations are the same in 22 states while somewhat reduced crops are predicted in Tennessee, Rhode Island and Connecticut, where the winter was particularly cold, with heavy snows lasting well into spring.



Upland game

PHOENIX This will be a bumper fall for pheasants, particularly in the lake and the plain states and on the West Coast. A solid block of states, including Colorado, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Nebraska, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Wyoming and Wisconsin report ringnecks at a record high, with the nationwide harvest this fall expected to exceed 7 million. On the West Coast—California, Oregon and Washington—where a series of droughts had previously reduced pheasant populations, the outlook has improved and good gaming is again expected in this region. Texas and Hawaii also report pheasant increases. In the East, Connecticut, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Ohio, Rhode Island, Vermont and West Virginia report ringnecks are generally as abundant as last year, with population rises predicted in Delaware and New Hampshire offset by slight declines in Pennsylvania and Indiana. Even in New York, which last winter suffered its heaviest snows in 80 years, local reports indicate large hatches of birds, with a high percentage of young surviving to maturity.



QUAIL The best quail gaming in a decade is expected in the southeast and central states. Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina and Florida all produced record quail crops last year, and this year's counts indicate that 1961's populations are even higher. "If the increase continues unabated," says one Georgia plantation owner, "disease and lack of food may become serious problems. As it is, we now have more birds than we can control." Elsewhere, light snow and good weather during spring nesting periods contributed to increases in Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Indiana and Ohio, where breeding stock suffered major setbacks during the severe winter of 1959-60. Increases are also predicted in Colorado, Colorado, Iowa, Maryland, Oregon, Washington and Wisconsin. Eighteen states report quail populations this season



are at least as good as last year's, and only four—Nevada, Arizona, West Virginia and New Jersey—expect somewhat fewer birds.

GROUSE A 3- to 10-year propagation cycle among ruffed grouse is expected to reach its height this season. New England, New York, Pennsylvania, the lake states, Washington and Oregon anticipate the best hunting in 10 years. Swedish states report increased populations, with 11 anticipating at least as many birds as last year. Ducky, sage and sharp-shinned grouse populations are also good throughout their range. Nevada and New Mexico expect slight decreases in overall grouse crops, while severe weather in New Hampshire and Connecticut were responsible for declines in those states.



TURKEY Fifty years ago the wild turkey, like the antelope, was close to extinction. Heavy logging and lumbering operations west of the Rio Grande and widespread trapping, snaring and poisoning in the Southeast nearly eliminated the bird from its native range. In less than 50 years, however, careful habitat control, protection of breeding birds and strict enforcement of hunting laws have restored the turkey as a major game bird. This year Eastern wild turkeys, along with growing flocks of the Merriams, the important species in the West, will be hunted in 23 states, with an expected harvest of 100,000 birds. Best hunting prospects are in the South, where major gains are reported in Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, South Carolina and Tennessee. Populations in Texas are steady, and up elsewhere in the West. Optimistic reports also come from the East, where Vermont's flocks show gains.



CHUKAR Among the game birds introduced to the U.S. in the past three decades, the chukar partridge is easily the most successful import. Challenging to hunt and good to eat, the chukar flourishes in dry, rocky terrain where most other game birds cannot survive. In Nevada hunters have taken over 30,000 in a season—all descendants of 2,000 birds stocked experimentally in the '30s and '40s. More recent plantings in Colorado, Washington and Hawaii continue to gain. Idaho and Montana have good chukar crops this season. Throughout the bird's expanding range only California expects somewhat fewer chukars than last year.



OTHER GAME BIRDS North Dakota's mild winter and relatively light snowfall contributed to an enormous crop of Hungarian partridge, partial balm for that state's poor duck hunting prospects. Equally good reports on Hungarian partridge come from Minnesota, Montana, South Dakota, Washington and Wisconsin, where the birds have maintained their excellent 1960 levels. Prairie chicken forecasts from New Mexico and Oklahoma are also optimistic.

the forecast, is waiting for the nation's 10 million bird hunters. From New England to California, on Midwestern plains and sedge-covered fields, gunners will find more birds and more sport than they have had in many seasons.

"This is the year for the grouse hunter," says Edward L. Kozicky, who di-

rected the land game survey. "Populations are the highest in a decade and major increases are reported in more than 65% of the range." Quail, the nation's most popular upland target, are also on the increase, with anticipated harvests of 12 million birds; and expanding pheasant populations suggest that this season's hunting, certainly for the upland gunner, will rival any in the past.

Offsetting 1961's optimistic big- and small-game hunting forecasts, however, is the grim outlook for waterfowl. Goose and brant shooters can expect about the same mediocre sport they had last year. But duck hunters are faced with game populations which are the lowest in 30 years; as a result, both bag limits and lengths of seasons have been reduced (see below).

Worst ever for waterfowl

After receiving the recommendations of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the states last week announced the dates for 1961 waterfowl hunting. In all four flyways the year's poor breeding conditions were reflected in shorter seasons, reduced bags and a complete ban on both canvasbacks and redheads. Furthermore, in all but the Pacific Flyway and Alaska the customary half hour of shooting before sunrise was eliminated. In Missouri there is no season. Alaska will be open Sept. 1 to Dec. 14 with bag and possession limits on ducks 5 and 16, geese 6 and 12, coots 12 and brant 2. Below is a guide to seasons in the other states—but before going hunting check state authorities for any local exceptions.



ATLANTIC FLYWAY Daily bag and possession limits—Ducks: Coos, Gs., Ms., Md., Mus., N.H., Pa., 2 and 4; elsewhere 3 and 6. American and red-breasted merganser: 5 and 10. Coots: 6. Geese: 2 and 4. Brant: 10. No season on snow geese. One hooded merganser, two wood ducks, two wood ducks (one in Miss., Pa.). First dates below are duck, merganser and coot seasons; second dates, geese and brant. Second line indicates split seasons.

CONNECTICUT: Nov. 11-Dec. 30; Nov. 11-Jan. 8
DELAWARE: Nov. 6-Dec. 15; Nov. 6-Jan. 4
FLORIDA: Nov. 17-Dec. 26; Nov. 4-Dec. 26
GEORGIA: Nov. 11-Dec. 30; Nov. 10-Jan. 8
MAINE: Oct. 13-Oct. 31; Oct. 13-Dec. 31
Nov. 4-Dec. 9
MARYLAND: Nov. 11-Dec. 30; Nov. 10-Jan. 8
MASSACHUSETTS: Oct. 18-Nov. 11; Oct. 18-Nov. 11
Dec. 11-Dec. 30; Dec. 11-Jan. 8
NEW HAMPSHIRE: Oct. 13-Dec. 1; Oct. 13-Dec. 11
NEW JERSEY: Nov. 21-Dec. 30; Oct. 21-Dec. 19
NEW YORK: Oct. 13-Nov. 5; Oct. 13-Dec. 11
Dec. 19-Dec. 30
LONG ISLAND: Nov. 21-Dec. 30; Oct. 21-Dec. 30
NORTH CAROLINA: Nov. 21-Dec. 30; Nov. 10-Jan. 8
PENNSYLVANIA: Oct. 23-Dec. 9; Oct. 13-Dec. 9
RHODE ISLAND: Nov. 21-Dec. 30; Nov. 1 Dec. 30
SOUTH CAROLINA: Nov. 21-Dec. 30; Nov. 10-Jan. 8
VERMONT: Oct. 14-Nov. 22; Oct. 1-Nov. 29
VIRGINIA: Nov. 30-Dec. 19; Nov. 10-Jan. 8
WEST VIRGINIA: Oct. 21-Dec. 31; Oct. 14-Dec. 12
Dec. 6-Dec. 30

MISSISSIPPI FLYWAY Daily bag and possession limits—Ducks: Ala., La., 3 and 6; elsewhere, 2 and 4. American and red-breasted merganser: 5 and 10. Coots: 6. Geese: 5. Only one hooded merganser, one wood duck, two Canada, two white-fronted or one Canada and one white-fronted goose per bag.

ALABAMA: Dec. 11-Dec. 30; Nov. 10-Jan. 8
ARKANSAS: Nov. 24-Dec. 25; Oct. 25-Dec. 23
ILLINOIS: Oct. 28-Nov. 26; Oct. 7 Oct. 16
Nov. 6-Dec. 19
INDIANA: Nov. 9-Nov. 25; Oct. 20-Dec. 2
Dec. 21-Dec. 30; Dec. 21-Dec. 50
IOWA: Oct. 21-Nov. 19; Oct. 7-Dec. 5
KENTUCKY: Dec. 1-Dec. 30; Nov. 10-Jan. 8
LOUISIANA: Nov. 10-Nov. 29; Nov. 10-Jan. 8
MICHIGAN: Oct. 13-Nov. 11; Oct. 13-Dec. 11
MINNESOTA: Oct. 14-Nov. 12; Oct. 14-Nov. 29
MISSISSIPPI: Dec. 1-Dec. 30; Nov. 10-Jan. 8
MISSOURI: Nov. 3-Dec. 2; Nov. 1-Dec. 30
OHIO: Oct. 28-Nov. 18; Oct. 20-Dec. 18
TENNESSEE: Dec. 1-Dec. 30; Nov. 10-Jan. 8
WISCONSIN: Oct. 14-Nov. 12; Oct. 7-Dec. 5

CENTRAL FLYWAY Daily bag and possession limits—Ducks: Neb., S. Dak., Wyo., 2 and 4; elsewhere, 3 and 6. American and red-breasted merganser: 5 and 10. Coots: 6. Geese: 5. No season on blue and snow geese in Wyoming, and in certain counties in Montana. Only one hooded merganser, one wood duck permitted per bag. No black-bellied tree-duck season in Texas.

COLORADO: Nov. 22-Dec. 21; Nov. 10-Jan. 8
KANSAS: Oct. 28 Nov. 26; Oct. 7 Dec. 5
MONTANA (east): Oct. 15-Nov. 11; Oct. 8-Nov. 29
NEBRASKA: Oct. 28-Dec. 6; Oct. 1-Nov. 29
NEW MEXICO: Oct. 13-Dec. 25; Nov. 10-Jan. 8
Dec. 15-Dec. 28
NORTH DAKOTA: Oct. 14-Nov. 12; Oct. 7-Dec. 5
DELAWARE: Nov. 1-Nov. 30; Oct. 14-Dec. 12
SOUTH DAKOTA: Oct. 18-Nov. 26; Oct. 7-Dec. 5
TEXAS: Nov. 18-Dec. 17; Nov. 3-Jan. 1
WYOMING: Oct. 20-Nov. 28; Oct. 10-Dec. 18

PACIFIC FLYWAY Daily bag and possession limits—Ducks: Ariz., Ore., Wash., 4 and 8; western Montana, 5 and 10; elsewhere, 5. American and red-breasted merganser: 5 and 10. Coots: 25. Geese: Washington, 3 and 6; elsewhere, bag and possession, 6. Brant: 3. Only one hooded merganser and one wood duck per bag. No more than one Canada goose in Utah, and certain counties in California, Arizona and Nevada. Brant seasons: Washington, Dec. 3-Jan. 31; California, Oregon, Dec. 2-Jan. 30.

ARIZONA: Oct. 1-Nov. 5; Oct. 25-Jan. 7
Dec. 1-Jan. 7
CALIFORNIA: Oct. 14-Nov. 20; Oct. 14-Nov. 20
Dec. 9-Jan. 7; Dec. 9-Jan. 7
IDAHO: Oct. 14-Dec. 27; Oct. 14-Dec. 27
MONTANA (west): Oct. 22-Dec. 20; Oct. 22-Dec. 20
NEVADA: Oct. 21-Dec. 24; Nov. 11-Jan. 7
OREGON: Oct. 21-Jan. 3; Oct. 21-Jan. 3
UTAH: Oct. 14-Dec. 27; Oct. 14-Dec. 27
WASHINGTON: Oct. 14-Dec. 27; Oct. 14-Dec. 27

Carrionback and redhead ducks are completely protected in all flyways, and many hunters, aware of 1961's duck depression, expected similar protection for all species. "Considering the reduced bag limits," says one Minnesota gander, "the season might just as well have been closed for all the hunting we'll get."

Strangely enough the elements responsible this year for record production in big game and small game are the very ones which brought about the depleted duck crop.

A good winter

A warm winter with relatively little snow made survival easier for land animals and birds across most of the continent. In the Rocky Mountain states deer and elk herds, which in previous winters have suffered as high as 50% mortality from winterkill, came through with few losses. Food was more plentiful and more accessible than in many seasons, and with minimum starvation there was minimum disease. An early spring resulted in optimum breeding and nesting conditions. With more and healthier game surviving the winter and spring, the annual production of young increased.

But this mild winter, so helpful to land game, was ruinous to waterfowl. In normal years, accumulated snow and ice provide a major source of water in March, April and May, when wintering birds return north to nest. This year the small amount of snow stored on the hard-frozen southern Canadian prairies, where 75% of all American waterfowl is bred, was absorbed during the unusually early spring.

A hot and rainless summer compounded the damage and forced some of the breeders further north. Others stayed behind to try their luck on inadequate water areas, thus overcrowding those broods that managed to hatch. Many birds that stayed did not nest at all.

"The life of most water areas this year," William G. Leitch, chief biologist for Ducks Unlimited, reported in early summer, "is almost a week-to-week affair, dependent upon rainfall. The life expectancy of waterfowl broods is similarly dictated."

By August the situation on the prairies had not improved. D.U. Biologist J. R. Caldwell reported from Saskatchewan: "The real waterfowl production line—those thousands of small ponds—has vanished."

In view of these conditions, many sportsmen agonized for closed seasons,

hoping that the absence of hunting would eventually cure the absence of ducks. "Any man who thinks it out will be in favor of closing the season for one, two or even three years," said Winston-Salem duck shooter Tom Coppedge. "But," he added, "closing the season is not all the answer. The real problem is drought and lack of breeding grounds."

In essence, Coppedge and the thousands of duck hunters who shared his view were expressing a fundamental concept of game management—that the gun alone is rarely the determining factor in the survival of wildlife.

All wildlife—including waterfowl—is a crop. Like all crops it needs the luck of weather, but beyond this it must be managed as a crop if it is expected to grow. This means improvement and expansion of nesting and breeding areas, of food supplies, of protective cover and disease controls. It also means controlled harvesting, even in bad years.

"The first real step toward any solution to the duck problem," says Albert Hochbaum, director of Manitoba's Delta Waterfowl Research Station, "is to establish firm waterfowl programs not only on state and federal levels, but privately as well. In the U.S. and Canada most waterfowl is produced on private land. It is essential that this land be preserved if we are to preserve ducks and duck hunting."

This year the best breeding conditions for at least part of the duck population were found in man-made lakes and in public and private waterfowl refuges. Without these projects, inadequate as they proved to be in so widespread a drought, 1961's duck-hunting outlook would be even bleaker. With more of them the waterfowler conceivably could be enjoying as good a season as any other hunter.

Wherever similar management programs have been established for other game, populations have shown remarkable increase. Antelope have been restored to the West, wild turkeys in the South and West. From only 28 pheasants planted in the country less than 100 years ago, more than 7 million will be taken by hunters this year. Comparable success stories can be cited among virtually every big and small land species the hunter will meet this fall. And with the continued expansion of game-improvement programs, the excellent outlook for land game in 1962 may be only an indication of more and better hunting in the years ahead.

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HORSE SHOWS / Alice Higgins

Short cut to a championship

There were heroic deeds and excitement amidst the woods and water of two splendid estates near Ipswich, Mass. the other day, where three of the country's most important equestrian events were being decided. One rider came splashing down the Ipswich River flailing his horse with his belt (he had lost his whip). A nervy woman competitor, whose shoulder was thrown out of joint at a jump, twisted it into place again and pressed on to the finish. But competence, rather than demonstration or brilliance, proved to be the proper measure of this year's Wofford Cup, Tuttle Cup and Myopia Horse Trials; and it was quite in keeping that the Wofford should be won by a rider on a slow horse who simply figured out a shorter way home.

There were 14 entries in the Wofford, which is the national championship for three-day events and the traditional try-out for riders who hope to make U.S. Olympic teams. Unfortunately, little could be learned of their abilities because the course, though beautiful, was too easy for top competition.

Yet the cross-country jumps did prove difficult enough to eliminate some of the starters. Mrs. Fritz Coester, who had come from Iowa to compete in her first Wofford Cup (having trained her horse, Night Song, from a book!), was downed at the ninth fence, spurring her neck; Felix Nuesch had to dismount and lead his Farnside home when the mare quit in exhaustion after the 27th fence; Bill Robinson's Swardplay cut his leg on an in-and-out bank and Clarison Lindley's Irish Fling refused four jumps.

The leader at the end of the second day was Michael Page on Sarnyfield Farm's Syphon, a horse with a well-earned reputation for being slow across country. Page, a gold medal winner at the Pan American Games, is an experi-

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enced rider, however, and he put his training to good use. Having found two perfectly legal short cuts, one over a barbed-wire fence, he saved three-quarters of a mile and brought Syphon home in very good time, thus earning the bonus points for speed.

In second place was 19-year-old Lana duPont on her Mr. Winter, the only proved international horse in this year's Wofford. Earlier this year she had finished 10th at Badminton, England's best and most severe three-day test.

Third was Michael Plumb, winner of the 1960 Wofford Cup. His father, Charles, a 53-year-old raceway judge riding in his first three-day event, had been fourth until he dropped out of sight both literally and figuratively when his horse fell into the Ipswich River. "It was worth it to cool off," he said later.

A careful jumper

So when the final day of competition began, first place theoretically was still open to the top three riders. If Michael Page's horse had two knockdowns and if Lana duPont's or Michael Plumb's horse had none, either could win it. But the duPont-Plumb hopes quickly ended as Page carefully maneuvered Syphon around the 11-obstacle course without an error to win the Wofford Cup, his short cut proving to be the margin of victory. Lana was second, Michael Plumb third.

If there was competition for the Wofford Cup, there was, unfortunately, almost none for the Tuttle Cup, which is the national open dressage championship. Jenica Newberry, a member of the Olympic Games team, was the very easy winner on her Trakhter stallion, Forest. Fellow Olympian Irish Gavin (55, July 25, 1960), who has won the Tuttle Cup twice, did not compete.

The Myopia Horse Trials, a modified three-day event, produced an upset winner in 22-year-old Mary Alice Brown as well as the remarkable displays of resolve mentioned earlier. It was Gene Weymouth at that treacherous jump on the Ipswich who lost his whip and drove his horse across the river by hitting him with his belt. It was here, too, Mrs. Kenneth Read injured her shoulder in a rough landing but refused to quit.

Mrs. Brown, who did not learn to ride until she was in college, had no such difficulties. She outperformed last year's high-point rider in combined-training events, Denis Gilcove, to win her first three-day title.

END

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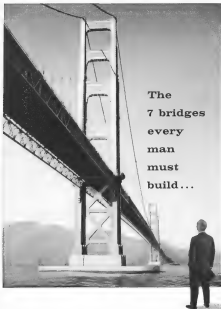
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WALKER CUP

continues from page 29

partner Ronnie Shade, generally considered the strongest British pair, playing against the graybeards of the U.S. side—48-year-old Gene Andrews of Los Angeles and 49-year-old Bob Cochran of St. Louis. But by lunchtime the two Americans, each playing in his first international team competition, had put the wisdom and guile of age to work and built a two-hole lead that was to grow during the afternoon's second 18 holes of match play to a 4-and-3 victory.

Britain's finest hour

The finest British showing was made by 21-year-old Martin Christman, a tall, skinny, deadpan golfer with a shock of schoolboyish black hair, who was partnered with the 44-year-old Blair. Going into the 36th and final hole, they were all even with the formidable American team of Charlie Coe and Don Cherry, thanks largely to some miraculous putting by the intrepid major and some exceptional recoveries from trouble by Christman. But on the 36th tee Christman hit his drive out of bounds, and that lost it. "What a shame. What a shame," some of the gallery sighed, for there was a desperate hope throughout the weekend that somehow the British would put up a real fight for the cup.

For the eight 36-hole singles matches on Saturday, Captain Lawrie again reversed the British batting order with roughly the same results. This time a complete shutout was averted by young Christman, who played the best British golf of the matches to defeat Charlie Smith of Gastonia, N.C. 3 and 2.

The best British golf of 1961—and most of the previous 30 years, for that matter—is not on a level with the American version, however. "Your chaps just strike the ball better," Captain Lawrie said Saturday when it was obvious that his team would be lucky to win more than a match or two. "It's that simple. You hit the ball with more authority."

The reason is not hard to find. Every first-class American amateur and professional swings at a golf ball with what is basically an exaggerated pivot, a technique that Byron Nelson helped pioneer. This pivot generates a great deal more power than the classic old swing of the Jones-and-before eras and, of particular importance to the amateur golfer who devotes himself to matters other than his golf swing, it can cover up a great

A black and white photograph of a wide, sandy beach meeting the ocean under a bright sky. The beach is expansive and mostly empty, with a few small, dark objects scattered on the sand. The ocean waves are visible in the distance, and the sky is very bright, almost white.

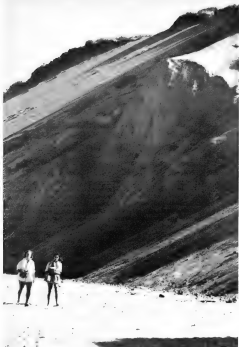
A Walk on
the
Great Beach



by JOHN HAY

I lay in a hollow back of the shore, listening to the heave and splash of low waves. The sinking sun, like a colossal red balloon filled with water, swelled, flattened and, with a final rapidity, disappeared into the sea, leaving a foaming, fiery band behind it. I heard the trembling cry of a loon behind me, and then saw it fly over, heading north. It had been a hot day, the light shining on metallic, glittering, slow

© 1995, J. HAY



The colorful cliffs rise to a height of 150 feet

GREAT BEACH continued

waters and sharp-pointed beach grasses clicking together in the faint wind. Now, with the dusk, the wind grew cool.

This was the first night I ever spent on the Great, or Outer, Beach of Cape Cod. I have been a property owner on the Cape for 20 years and a resident for 15. But I live on the inner, or bay, side, facing gentler waters, having only a

acres, now and then, of the Cape's long, carving Atlantic shore, of its raw and open majesty, some 40 miles of great headlands and low dunes in vital and changing communication with the winds and oceans. I had decided it was time to take a walk, to see what the Great Beach told me, perhaps to find out what it told the nation, now that it is the spinal column of the 26,666 acres of beach, dunes, salt marsh, heath, low woodland and

fresh-water ponds that this summer became the Cape Cod National Seashore.

Spine perhaps is not the right word for an area which has no bedrock and is formed of gravel, sand and clay, left there by continental glaciers. Waves, winds and ocean currents have molded Cape Cod during the 10,000 or 12,000 years since the last glacier melted back. These forces take away several feet of shore line a year in some places, and in others they add to it. Where the steep dunes are not thoroughly anchored by beach grass or other seaside vegetation, winter storms suddenly rip out great chunks, and it is difficult to see the Cape in other than tenuous terms. But the sharp, shivering, separate clumps of beach grass hold acres of sand together with a power which is real enough. This land holds even as it gives and is taken away. It is in supple compliance with winds and sun and the weathers of the year. More than that, it is the furthest dicing of a continent, in alliance with elemental waters. This is perhaps the main value of the Great Beach for the people of the United States, who will own it.

This "rationalization" may seem the end of an era to a good many Cape Codders who think of the land as their own. It is an era, in their minds and feelings, which has lasted since 1620 when the Pilgrims arrived. There are others whose family affiliations do not go back so far but who have no less strong emotions on the subject. Homeowners, real estate developers, builders are afraid that they will be hurt by the park. Some towns, and their residents, have expressed concern about a serious loss in tax revenue. Still others are afraid that millions will ruin what they come to enjoy.

To all Cape Codders—those in favor of the park and those against—the National Park Service points out that it is still largely up to them to keep the land they value from being despoiled. Many parts of the Cape already are covered with motels, gift shops, signs and various quick-and-cheap "developments," to the extent that the old quality is invisible. Cape Cod towns have had a recent history of resistance to planning and zoning that probably stems from

an older individualism, but wise local planning will be needed if towns on the fringes of the park and elsewhere are to retain their once-cherished identities. A bulldozer that flattens acres of land for a new development is no respecter of life, natural or civilized. It encounters all it encounters.

The National Park Service has pointed out that its intent is to preserve the Great Beach and not to wreck it. In that connection, Representative Hastings Keith of Massachusetts, who collaborated with Senators Saltonstall and Kennedy on the original bill to establish the park, has attempted in as many ways as possible, during progress of the legislation, to emphasize the word "conservation," instead of "recreation." It is by no means a policy which tries to hold back public recreation; its aim is to promote it "without harm to the features on which that recreation depends."

There are other values of an equal and, I am sure, an ultimate importance



The Great Beach (shaded area) runs from Chatham to Race Point

that are a little harder to define. One economic study of the proposed Seashore says that "the fascination of the sea and its seaside environment are intangible values." To make the intangible tangible, the way beach grass holds down the sand, is a matter for the spirit, regardless of economics. The fact that the new park is within a day's travel of 50 million people, located in a region that has the highest population density in the U.S., may have been one reason behind its formation. The cities, self-enclosed, may have a thirst for outwardness. But the park was mainly created for its own sake. It has an identity to be cherished and a nobility of which to be proud. It is no mere outlet.

Many who see the Great Beach for the first time are stirred by a bold and open beauty that is beyond expression. I have heard visitors, standing on the high cliffs, who were stimulated by the shining horizon to talk

Continued

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GREAT BEACH *continued*

about disasters at sea, or who suddenly looked down at the foaming shore line, curving on and on, and gasped with surprise. Whether or not they have come to picnic, get a suntan, play softball or make love, there is something about the naked reach of the sands toward distant water and sky that catches humankind.

This park will have a number of public beaches, with access roads at intervals along the shore, and certain areas will be accessible only by foot trails. No major concessions will be allowed within the limits of the park. While camping sites will be established, provision for overnight accommodations will be left to private facilities outside the park boundaries.

It was, then, as one of the 180 million shareholders of this new national park that I set off from Race Point in Provincetown late one afternoon this summer—with pack and sleeping bag—to see and feel the Great Beach for myself. The Provincetown beach in the crowded summer weeks contains a marvelous wealth of paper, beer cans, bottles and general garbage. One of the first things to catch my eye as I lunged down off the bank was an electric light bulb floating in the water; and I was quite surprised at the amount of sliced onions lying around—perhaps they had been thrown off a fishing boat. Then I heard an insistent bird note behind me, and a piping plover flew past—they are very pale in color, adapted to the sands and with a slender black collar. It suddenly vanished down ahead of me, fluttering, half disappearing in holes made by human feet in the sand. It side-winged, edged away, still fluttering, in the direction of the shore line, and when it reached the water, vanished evidently that it had led me far enough, it flew back. These birds nest on the beach above the tide line and, like grouse, try to lead intruders away when they come too close to their eggs or young.

I heard the grating call of terns. They were flying low over the water, occasionally phasing for fish. Among them were some least terns—a tiny, dainty version of the family—it chased each other back and forth, crying with shrill

continued

A man with dark hair and a serious expression is wearing a thick, patterned pullover sweater. The sweater features a repeating geometric pattern in green, red, and white. He is holding a dark-colored cap with a circular logo in his left hand. The background is a dark, wood-paneled wall with several framed pictures and a small decorative object.

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insistence. In their listlessness and excitability they show a kind of baby anger.

The beach is curves, slanting steeply toward the water, and with the cliffs behind it increasing in height as you go through Truro and Wellfleet, you cannot see very far in any direction; but it curves on and on, around one corner after another. I thought of Thoreau's remark that "a man may stand there and put all America behind him."

The Pilgrims first landed in the Provincetown area, as Cape Codders point out happily to the citizens of Plymouth, showing that for landing, a big beach is as good as a small rock. In fact, before moving on to the historic rock, the Pilgrims spent several weeks in the upper Cape looking for water, sifting up the place, smelling the rim of the new continent. A few years ago I saw the replica of the original Mayflower being towed in to Provincetown harbor, but the greatest excitement to me, a few hours previously, was to see its strange Elizabethan rigging showing up above the dunes on the other side of Race Point. It was like hearing that Shakespeare had arrived on Broadway to see what he could do.

Behind the beach at Provincetown and Truro are eight square miles of wind-scoured dunes, a great series of dips

and hollows, and hollows within hollows. Standing below their rises are hills, mounds and cones, choiced by the wind, sometimes flattened on the top like mesas. These dunes give an effect of constant motion, rolling, dipping, rising, dropping down and curving up like sea surfaces. When I climbed the bank to see them, I heard the clear, accomplished notes of a song sparrow. There were banks of wild roses in bloom, of an incomparably lovely scent, and the dunes were patched with the green of beach grass, bayberry and beach plum. The shrubs looked clipped and rounded, started by wind and salt spray.

A mile or so at sea, over the flatness of the blue waters, a fishing boat moved very slowly by. I started down the beach again, following a swallow that was rising and dipping in leafy flight along the edge of the banks. On the lower half of the beach, lines of slippery green sea lettuce began to glimmer as if they had an inner fire, reflecting the evening sun. I stopped somewhere north of Highland Light in Truro, built a small fire of driftwood to heat up a can of food, and watched a bar emerging from the water. Low white waves conflicted and ran across the dome of sand, occasionally bursting up like hidden geyzers.

continued



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GREAT BEACH

The terns were still crying and diving as the sun's light turned a soft yellow. They hurried back and forth, as if to make use of the time left them, and fell sharply like stones into the shimmering sea of light that lay across the water. About half an hour after sunset a beach buggy, curtains at its windows and a dory attached, lumbered slowly down some preordained run in the sand, and then a smaller one passed by at the top of a low line of dunes behind me. Surf rods were slung along the outside of both machines. It was getting to be a good time to cast for bass.

A small seaplane flew past at low altitude, parallel to the shore. A silver of a moon appeared and then a star; and then single lights began to show up on the horizon, and from the direction of Highland Light an arm of light shot up and swung around. The sky now was massive with its stars. Lying in a small hollow above the beach, I thought of night's legitimacies now appearing, the natural right of all these single lights to darkness, and then, while thinking, I fell asleep, waking up at one o'clock in the morning at the sound of shouting, a strange direct interruption to the night: "Why don't you for God's sake bring her higher up! I can't dig in, that way." The tide was high, and someone was having trouble maneuvering his beach buggy along the thin strip of beach sand now available to him. In a few minutes, shouting and talking died down, engines died away and headlights passed by above the dunes.

My eyes did not open again until just before sunrise, and the first thing that met them were tiny drops of dew on the tips and stems of beach grass that surrounded me. A sparrow sang, and a herring gull flew slowly and heavily by.

When I started walking again, I caught sight of a very young fox. Its fur was still soft and woolly, and its gait had a cub's limpness as it moved along the upper edge of the beach. I noticed five older ducks across the troughs of the waves, a remnant of the thousands that winter off the Cape along with brant, Canada geese, scoters, mergansers, snails and old squaws. I passed a

dead gannet lying on the sand. It had been badly oiled, reminding me of the hazards of jettisoned tanker fuel to water birds that land in the water to rest or feed. The cliffs grew increasingly high as I walked southeast. Since some were 150 feet in height and the sun was beating with increasing ferocity on my head, so that I began to think of it as a genuine enemy, I had little interest in scaling them, but plodded slowly on. From some of these cliffs there falls a continuous stream of pebbles or granular sands, made a rich red-brown by iron con-

CAPE COD TRAVEL FACTS

The best weeks of the year on the Cape follow Labor Day, when the crowds leave. Days are sparkling, nights are cool. **Staying there:** In Provincetown, the Provincetown Inn has private beach, swimming pool, good food, good view; top room rate is \$14 after Sept. 6. Best restaurant: The Flagship, The Moon. In North Truro, the Governor Prence is best motel, with pool and beautiful view of Cape Cod Bay. Top rate \$12 after Labor Day. Chatham and Moroney Island are bird watchers' mecca in September. Wayside Inn and Ridgeside Motel are first-rate. Copain's Table, Chatham Arms and Christopher Ryder House are among best restaurants. **Playing there:** Swimming is good through September. Fall fishing for striped bass, bluefish and tuna is excellent. Beach buggy tours of dunes and Outer Beach cost \$1.75 for 30-minute trip from Provincetown.

pounds, and in the sunlight it looks like a broad ruin of precious metals, a great treasure chest broken open. In other areas miniature Niagaras of dry, grayish clay pour down. On the whole, these cliffs are not as colorful as Gay Head on Martha's Vineyard, for example, but they do show broad and varying bands of brown, yellow and lavender.

I walked on very hot and very slow meeting no one for a number of miles, then coming now and again to a group of houses where I would exchange words, refill my canteen and continue on.

I passed several wrecks during the day, a reminder of the dangers that still face

ships along the coast, with its shifting winds and treacherous offshore bars. The sands often reveal the timbers of old ships. One day you see ribs, sudden and dark and barnacled, reaching up out of oblivion, and not long after that the water reburies them in the sand.

I spent my second night not far north of Nauset Light. I started to bed down on the sand just above the high tide line, remembering, a little nervously, that this was the general area where a fishing boat had been wrecked two years before, and two men drowned. The sun had become my enemy during the day, and I suddenly felt the sea was no less implacable. A vague thought of being engulfed began to invade me, so I took up my pack and sleeping bag and found a way to the top of the cliff, where I spent the night in another hollow.

The dawn woke me up again, and its first light started the birds singing in all the thickets and heath around me with a

sweet, high, shrill intensity as though they had all been summoned to worship at once. The land lay quiet except for the birds, ready for its next new morning.

As I saw it, from the top of the high cliff, the sea was relatively calm and the sun started to send light running across it in great distances ahead. It was a vast blue table, showing slicks here and there. I thought of other days when I had seen it scurrying with extreme ferocity, almost boiling up, while the roaring wind took sand and flung it with a violence too much for human flesh to endure, or when the green marbled surfaces of waves born of distant storms reared up and attacked the shore. This Great Beach is a headland of great hostility and great peace.

Those who have tried it probably agree with me that a two-day hike on the sand is nothing to recommend to the casual visitor who wants to enjoy himself. You end up with aching limbs and a feeling that a turtle, if slower than you, is at

least surer in its locomotion. I climbed up the bank with the idea of seeking shade and water whenever I could find it. The sun's heat, the vast drowning presence of the sea beside me and the mere idea of going a few miles farther—and I had not gone more than about 10 to 12 that day—were weights on my skull. Though two days were enough at one time, still I recognized that there is no better way of knowing such a place than subjecting yourself to it. The great and constant realities of nature become apparent. Even at a distance, I think—now that I have retreated to Cape Cod Bay—I can also give credit to this great area for the rhythmic forces in it still untouched and perhaps not entirely understood by man. A major part of the American heritage, of which the establishment of this new park is a recognition, might be defined in terms of wildness, space, undefined reaches still ahead. Even in our numbers we still remember this, migrating from one age toward another. **END**

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

Each year the relief pitcher plays an increasing role in baseball. In 1951 starting pitchers finished their games more than one-third of the time 10% in the NL, 10% in the AL. This season only one starting pitcher in four manages to finish what he begins. Relief work is both annually long and quite short in this era of quick pitching changes. Last week each of 21 relievers pitched a score one-third inning. Philadelphia's Chris Short, on the other hand, pitched seven and two-thirds innings to beat the Cardinals. Many relievers now toil day after day without a decision. Jack Baldschon of the Phillies has been in 49 games and has only a 4-3 record. Yet New York's Luis Arroyo, blessed with teammates who score in late innings, on base of a 12-3 record. Arroyo won his 30th straight last week as he relieved for the 34th time. It is significant, with the season almost over, that the ERA leaders are Cincinnati's Art Hays and San Francisco's Stu Miller in the NL; Arroyo and Chicago's Turk Lown in the AL.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Cincinnati fans, who felt bad at the start of the season because their Reds were the only team unable to win a game since 1940, were now effervescent. By winning three of four, the Reds and their rosters had reason for optimism, as well as a two-and-a-half-game lead over Los Angeles. Duke Snider had his lips shut clipped by the trainer just before a game with the Cubs—which may or may not have had anything to do with

his scoring the winning run. The Dodgers, looking alternately good and awful, could trace their failure to a .227 BA. If the Dodgers were up and down, the San Francisco Giants were in and out—of third place, that is. Their 23-day hold on third ended when they lost to Milwaukee 7-6 in 13 innings. Both managers, Alvin Dark of the Giants and Charley Dressen of the Braves, used similar strategy. In a close game with the Cubs, Dark had slugger Eric Blanks unnecessarily walked to lead off the 9th. Dressen had Willie McCovey (.400 BA for the week) of the Giants put on with two out and a man on second in the 11th to get to Willie Mays (.273). Both managers walked. Still, Dressen was fired, and Birdie Tebbets, the club's executive VP, took over as manager. Warren Spahn pitched his seventh straight complete-game win, giving him a 16-12 record. St. Louis, which was also struggling toward third place, played two one-run games in Philadelphia and lost two of them. Back home again, the Cardinals then won their 13th straight in Bunch Sisk's Pittsburgh had trouble both at home and away. The Pirates won two, lost four and found that their title of World Champions scored no one, least of all Chicago's Bob Anderson. In successive relief appearances Anderson saved one game and won the rest as the Cubs took three of seven. Philadelphia had the same record, thanks to Art Mahaffey's second straight shutout and two homers by John Callison. In two games Mahaffey picked three runners off second base.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Mickey Vernon could have had monetary thoughts of sitting his throat after taking called third strikes three times against Carmelo Pascual of the Twins. So the New York outfielder was the subject of some kidding when he appeared in the locker room with his neck smeared with blood after cutting himself while shaving. It was the Yankees, though, who drew much more important blood from Detroit (see page 14). Detroit's three best pitchers—Frank Lary, Duke Moseley, and Jim Bunning—all lost during the week. Baltimore lost more than blood or games. Paul Richards resigned as manager to become GM of the Houston team that will play in the NL next year. This gave Ernest Muhl, sports editor of The Kansas City Star, freedom to reveal one of baseball's strongest trade talks: in 1956 Richards sug-



OUTER HITTERS were K.C. Baines, Angels, whose month's work brought him L.A. Braves' Warren Spahn, who doubled in 12th, defeating Phillies.

gested to Athletic GM Parker Carroll that they swap the entire Baltimore roster for Kansas City's 25 men. Carroll said, "I can't." Luman Harris stepped up from pitching coach to interim manager but despite three Orioles homers lost his first game. Chicago hit only three home runs all week, yet won five of seven and took a firm grip on fourth place. Cincinnati, after losing nine of 10, got five relief work from Frank Frank and Bob Allen, plus a shutout from Gary Bell, and won four in a row. Good relief pitching by Mike Ferradino and frequent hitting by Pete Rose (.412) gave Boston three wins. Minnesota got some of its best pitching of the year. Pascual took pills for hemoglobin deficiency and low metabolism, was coached by Coach Lou Kirby's words when he got in trouble, went on to shut out the Yankees. Los Angeles pitchers could not come close to a shutout but, though they gave up 59 runs, the Angels split eight games. Washington pitchers, once the best in the AL, continued to look like the worst. This, and no homers in eight games, was why the Senators' losing streak reached 16. Joe McClain finally ended it with a 3-1 win over the White Sox. With the Senators planning, Kansas City suddenly had visions of vacating the cellar. But it was a vision that blurred quickly. Despite Jerry Lumpe's 429 hitting, the Athletics dropped five of seven.

TEAM LEADERS: RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs	Team	Games	Per Game
1st	104	St. Louis	78	1.33
2nd	98	San Francisco	78	1.26
3rd	92	Philadelphia	78	1.18
4th	88	Los Angeles	78	1.13
5th	84	San Diego	78	1.08
6th	80	Chicago	78	1.03
7th	76	Atlanta	78	0.97
8th	72	Pittsburgh	78	0.92
9th	68	Cincinnati	78	0.87
10th	64	Washington	78	0.82

AMERICAN LEAGUE

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10th	64	Washington	78	0.82

*1951-1952 American League (AL) and National League (NL) records.

TEAM LEADERS: STARTING PITCHERS

NATIONAL LEAGUE	W	L	ERA
1st	12	12	3.11
2nd	12	12	3.11
3rd	12	12	3.11
4th	12	12	3.11
5th	12	12	3.11
6th	12	12	3.11
7th	12	12	3.11
8th	12	12	3.11
9th	12	12	3.11
10th	12	12	3.11

AMERICAN LEAGUE

NATIONAL LEAGUE	W	L	ERA
1st	12	12	3.11
2nd	12	12	3.11
3rd	12	12	3.11
4th	12	12	3.11
5th	12	12	3.11
6th	12	12	3.11
7th	12	12	3.11
8th	12	12	3.11
9th	12	12	3.11
10th	12	12	3.11

*1951-1952 American League (AL) and National League (NL) records.

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Pelmer sailing down his second straight Masters title ★ *Floyd Patterson regaining his heavyweight crown from Jugenmar Johannson*.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS

LIVELINESS

Sin:

I've not overdone! What you fellows forget is that you can't change plans into square feet—and you dang sure can't bounce a baseball on a "steel plate imbedded in concrete" and compare it with the twist of a bat (*For, K's Livelier*, Aug. 28).

Tom Backus

Seattle

Sin:

You did not compare a Ruffino baseball with a modern-day one, and until you do so there is still no definite proof that the baseball Ruth was not even livelier than the one the M hits are using.

JEFFREY SILVER

Bristol, Conn.

Sin:

What was the temperature, wind and humidity factor in 1953? Was it the same as in the 1961 test? What about the scales? Were they calibrated the same? Was the ball as dry in '66 as in '33? Being a science major myself, I doubt that the Ward test proves much of anything.

ROBERT C. WHELMER

Hagerstown, Md.

■ Tester Ward—another science major who understands the technique of controlled experiment. —E.D.

Sin:

Why keep up this nonsense about the hopped-up ball anyway? Mantle and Maris and the fans don't seem to be too concerned.

JOHN P. BAKER

Pasadena, Calif.

Sin:

This is the first conclusive story I have seen giving facts, reasons and figures on the subject.

BOTTS CROWLEY

Cincinnati

IRONY

Sin:

In an editorial in your issue of August 29, 1966 entitled *A Matter of Record*, you quoted Roger Maris as saying, "Nobody's ever going to break [Ruth's] record, not me or anybody else."

Ironical!

LAURENCE ROSENBLUTH

New York City

WATER

Sin:

Congratulations on another fine article (*The Win in Rose's Heavy Thinner*, Aug. 28). So often a swimming must like this one in Los Angeles has a hidden story of great sportsmanship. This was especially true of Murray Rose, who was suffering from intestinal trouble and insomnia for two weeks prior to the meet. Rather than disappoint his fine opponents and many supporters, Rose concealed his condition.

J. F. ROSECK

New York City

Sin:

Has anyone investigated the water used in the AAU outdoor swimming championships in Los Angeles? I have it on good authority that the 10 world records set there will not be allowed to stand because the official 1961 AAU water is 87°; cooler than water previously issued by the Department of Water and Power.

BART FROM

Los Angeles

BILLY MID-ON

Sin:

Jolly good show (*Tilt Is Crisler*, Aug. 28). I can now refer my American friends to an authoritative local source when they fail to understand such perfectly obvious terms as yerker, tilly mid-on and bowling maiden over.

I must say that we Australians were relieved of almost unbearable tension when we retained the Ashes.

B. A. SMITHURST, M.D.

Baltimore

Sin:

It is outrageous to brand Bradman the Ty Cobb of cricket. Nobody, certainly not Sir Donald, played or plays cricket the way Cobb played baseball, and I, for one, hope nobody ever will. There are quite a few things that cricket could learn from baseball, but the Ty Cobb technique is most certainly not one of them.

PAUL M. GARDNER

New York City

Sin:

The only thing I used to know about cricket was how to spell it. Now I feel I have enough knowledge to appreciate a match.

BOB PINKSTON

Watsonia, N.Y.

TAKE OVER

SPIDER AND THE SOPHOMORES

Sir:

Gerald Holland has written a very moving obituary of minor league baseball (*How Come, Spider?* Aug. 28). If Mr. Paul Frost should ever want any help in his front office I would be willing to pitch in. At 18 I have had no experience but I'm eager to learn.

LARRY LARSEN

Shaker Heights, Ohio

Sir:

It's nice to find out how the other half lives.

JAN SUGRIS

Dover, Del.

Sir:

The Sophomore League has a team in Alpine, all right, Alpine, Texas. This is nowhere near New Mexico. The Alpine Cowboys play out of Kokernot Field here, and we have a great deal of pride in the team, Mr. Kokernot (who furnishes the finest ball park anyone could wish for) and the fine players who play here, plus a number of "grade" who have gone on to the majors: Norman Cash, Don Schwall, Charles Schilling, among others.

MR. KING TERRY JR.

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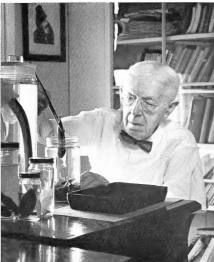
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HENRY FOWLER

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The book cost Fowler 17 years and many a headache. In the early years of

his research he traveled to all corners of the earth collecting fish. "Now that I've gotten old," he says, "people have to send the fish to me. I worry that the specimens will spoil in transit, thereby making my office somewhat unpopular." He carries a special grudge against a Russian scientist in Mongolia "who gave a 30-letter name to a quite insignificant shrimp." For some fishes there was no name at all, and ichthyologist Fowler had to coin one. His own favorite fish? "White perch. There's no better eating."

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